



A N

E L E G Y

On the Death of

Thomas Beddingfield Esq;

Who was Murdered by

Mr. Thomas Barney,

A T

N O R W I C H,

On Sunday the 20th. day of July, 1684.

THe Hearts of Men can never be at Ease,
 Till they with floods of Grief their Souls appease:
 For he who doth not this lov'd Man Bemoan,
 His Heart's compos'd of *Adamantine-Stone*:
 Yet all the Tears are offerr'd by your Eyes,
 And all the Grievs relenting Hearts comprize,
 Are due to him, as his just Obsequies. }
 The Countrys Darling, and Mankinds Delight,
 Is snatch'd as on a sudden from our Sight.
 But Reader think he was prepar'd to Dyë,
 Whose Life was Vertue and Morality.
 Envy it self, could ne're eclips his Fame,
 His Life was Innocent and void of Blame:
 His business on the Earth was doing Good,
 And 'twas as customary as his Food.
 He was all Mildness and good Nature, he
 Was Exercis'd in works of Charity:
 The Scale of all his Actions were so even,
 He was too good for Earth, and's gone to *Heaven*.

But for the Instrument of his sad End,
 The Blackest *Angel* do's his Fate Attend;

And so Impatient of Revenge is grown,
 He seems to lash the Lazy Minutes on:
 The Sword of Vengeance ready in his Hand,
 To Execute the Almighty's just Command.
 His Blood so Innocent, aloud do's cry
 For Vengeance, and its heard beyond the *Skie*.
 And a severe Repentance only can
 Make *God* acquit the Guilty for this Man.
 But for his present State, it needs must be
 Attended both with Shame and Misery:
 The greatest Advocate that now should Plead
 In the behalf of such a Curfed Deed,
 Acts o're again a Murther on the Dead;
 And makes his horrid Wounds a fresh to Bleed.
 Were his Friends ne're so Potent they must fail
 In the Address, and Justice must Prevail:
 Nor can his Blood 'ere wash away his Guilt,
 Or make amends for that which he hath Spilt.

L O N D O N, 1684.

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